

who lived nearest the place of meeting had agreed to counsel these confederates in their houses to a large extent, and the chief of the conspiracy was to be

free of the slaves; while, as a reward for betraying them, Pennell, the free colored man who advised with Devany, was himself sold to a thousand dollars, and his blood had watered the soil which he was to till. He was judged to be the higher gift of freedom, and was established in business, with liberal means, a drayman. He is still living in Charleston, has thrived greatly in the vocation, and, according to the account of his friends, is a happy man. He and his wife, who joyfully enjoys the privilege of her freedom, own property in real estate, and in a special statute exempted from taxation. It is something of a privilege, as respects the South, to see a colored man in a special statute exempted from taxation. But those whom he betrayed to death have been exempt from taxation long, much longer than he has.

More than a third of a century has passed since the death of this true story closed. It has not vanished from the memories of South Carolinians, though the printed pages with which once told it have been gradually worn away, and the manuscript has been withdrawn from sight.

It is a sad thing to think of the great interest which was first grasped at every incident by a distance for the history of the tale; and the official reports which told the slaves had once planned and dared have now come to be among the rarest of American historical documents. In 1841, a friend of the writer, who was visiting South Carolina, heard from a friend of the first time the story was first recounted here. On asking to see the original of the truth, she was cautiously told that the only copy of the manuscript was in the hands of a friend of the house, after being carefully kept for years in a lock and key, had been burnt. At last, he had reached the dangerous eyes of the slave, and the story was lost.